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BALD HEAD OR SHINY NOSE
Why Should the Voter Care?

By VICTOR O. JONES

Hardly a day passes that TV doesn't make some sort of an inspect your nose sort of problem.

One of the latest TV-caused proposals comes from the Democratic freshman Rep-utter from Oregon, Richard L. Neuberger. He's introduced a bill which would require all candidates to tell their audiences when they're using cosmetics or wearing any sort of facial make-up.

Says the Senator:

"If a candidate gets up and says that in 1952 some 28,000 cats passing through a certain place, everyone thinks he has a good memory and is a fine extemporaneous speaker. In fact he may be reading from an artificial device like a television prompter or 'idiot board.' In addition, a television audience should be told if artificial means are being used to conceal a candidate's jowls, or bald spot, or beard."

Well, I dunno. Maybe the Senator has a point. Maybe he's just looking for unnecessary trouble.

In the first place, I don't think the voters are so dumb that they choose their representatives on their looks or memories. If the electorate were generally as dumb as that, we'd have terrible politicians in the White House certainly wouldn't be there. (Neither would Adlai, for that matter).

Tho, I have an idea that most voters have now become aware of TV techniques to have that most fiendly deliverd speeches are actually read—either from memo-script or from some mechanical gimmick.

If the Senator prevails, you're going to run into some embarrassing announcements on TV. If a male candidate is forced to announce that he's touched up the grey at his temples, will his female opponent have to declare openly that she's—ah—reinforced her—ah—bust so that she's also bracing a little secretly? Such a makes her waist and hips look a bit narrower than they actually are?

If the male candidate is going to admit that he's using face powder, will women candidates have to make the same confession—or else take to the screens with a shiny nose?

How about permanent waves? We gonna make the gal politicians tell their audiences which one has the Toni?

As a matter of fact TV is those things mostly brings some new favorite—if that's not overdoing it word—to campaigning. Before the days of television radio, it's been pretty general practice for politicians to have ghost writers. If we're going to tell TV audiences that the Senator has had his hair dyed, wouldn't it be more important to tell them that the speech he was about to read actually had been written by his secretary, or by the power brain, or by a union lobbyist?

In the course of getting ahead any politician has to live in a glass bowl and will be seen in real life and not in bread display light for more often than he will be on TV.

He won't have many secrets from his constituents and they'll forgive him if his human vanity leads him to gild the lily a bit—for his TV appearances.

SITTING IN WITH TED ASHBY
Spaniel in CinemaScope

THE CHARACTERS in a forthcoming Walt Disney feature include a rough-talking English bulldog, a lady-like Cocker Spaniel, a nondescript mongrel and a philosophical wolfhound. Minor parts are played by an energetic Dachshund, a Mexican Chihuahua and a Pekinese that once was a show-girl in a circus.

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LIFE FOR a time is beautiful for the cobblesome Cocker, Lady. She has her newly-married owners, who bestow great affection. There are two fine friends. From left to right, Jock and Trusty. Jock is an elderly Scotty who has been a sophisticated associate that Trusty has an unsavory reputation.

PLAINLY the Cocker is in disgrace when finally returned home. Forced to sleep outside, chained to a doghouse, Trusty comes around to apologize, but she gives him the lion's ruth. Then something happens that restores the Cocker's domestic prestige. There is a strong assist from Trusty, who has repented, and is eager to clear his name.

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THEIR INTENTIONS are misunderstood. The Cocker is locked in the cellar. The dowager is unceremoniously bundled into the dog-catcher's vehicle. At this point her owners return. Lady manages to point out the heroic deed that was misinterpreted. The owners spring into a rah, chase the pound-wagon.

★ ★ ★

LADY'S faithful friends, Jock and Trusty burst into action. Away they go after the wagon. They scare the daylights out of the horses. The wagon tips over. Trusty is hurt. But the delay enables the cab to arrive just in time. Trusty's freedom is negotiated. The closing scene at home is a beauty. It is as romantic as possible in a comedy. The aging dowager's sense of smell returned just in time for him to track down the dog-catcher's wagon.

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PRESENTLY we have a dog-vengeance and nearly cause the Cocker to have a nervous breakdown. She is married, too. Taking advantage the gay, irresponsible mongrel, Tramp, wags himself into her life. He takes her to the zoo, where he has an influential friend. The friend is a beaver. The beaver consents to tote through the leather muzzle.

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PRESSING his advantage, Tramp persuades Lady to go with him to the restaurant. They have lunch and, because of Tramp's standing with the proprietor, are accredited. Swayed by his dominating personality, Lady almost agrees to share his carefree way of life. Fortunately, she ultimately declines.

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ON THE WAY home, though, Tramp influences Lady to join him in a fling at larceny. They are apprehended during a raid on a chicken coop. Lady is captured, flung into the canine jail-ville. It is there she learns from

Odd Items From Everywhere

Edward S. Hall, 82, a veteran printer of 72 years, has just purchased a new Heidelberg press for his Portland, Me., printing shop. The time ago Mr. Hall said he would rest a bit after he reached 80, he figures he still has nearly 10 years to go.

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After her husband had opened the garage door for her, a San Francisco woman stepped on the gas and roared her hardtop convertible through the back wall of the garage, across the yard, over a fence and down a 10-foot slope where the car bounced to a stop. Fortunately, she was "just shaken up a bit."

John D. Rolfe of West Lynn traced the history of the bell to the steeple of the First Methodist Church in Chelmsford, Mass. The bell was cast by "Paul Revere and Son" on Nov. 15, 1816. It weighs 1004 pounds and the tongue weighs 38 pounds. The old bell rang for welcome on the visits of Presidents Monroe, Jackson and Polk, and Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Abraham Lincoln's funeral and John Brown's hanging.

The Revere and Keyes Lasell, both 81, were taken to a Copenhagen hospital, with broken legs. Hearing a Member over their radio, they had been inspired to try it.

DENNIS THE MENACE By Hank Ketcham

"I Learned that on selfishism. It's called 'thumbism.'"

Air National Guard Pilot in Coast-to-Coast Round Trip
Breakfast, Supper in California, Lunch in New York Feature Armed Forces Day Feat

LOS ANGELES May 22 (AP)—How dear it feel to cross the United States alone twice in one day?

"Great," says Air National Guard Lt. John M. Conroy, who flew an F86 Sabre jet coast-to-coast round-trip in 11 hours, 26 minutes and 30 seconds. "But I couldn't make the same trip again in the same week."

Conroy, a World War II Air Force veteran who calls himself a "week-end pilot," celebrated his record-breaking flight by attending a National Guard dance last night. He planned to sleep late today.

Coast-to-Coast Convoy beat the sun across the country by two hours and 34 minutes. His breakfast-to-supper dash—broken up by lunch in New York stop—was inspired by Armed Forces Day. He said he couldn't have done it without the help of his National Guard buddies.

"I might have flown faster on the way back if I'd made only two stops," he said. "But we planned it with three so I couldn't

Conroy, 34, flew by his own navigation from Los Angeles to New York, but relied on the Air

BREAKFAST IN VAN NUYS—Lt John M. Conroy enjoys early breakfast with Mrs. Conroy and their children, Barbara, Billy and Timothy, at home in Los Angeles suburb before ambitious flight.

REFUELING IN ILLINOIS—Air National Guardsmen swarm over Conroy's F86A Sabre jet in Springfield, first stop on the Eastward journey.

First's nation-wide radar service on the return trip.

He was proud of the fact that time, as his goal.

Force time by nearly four minutes. He had set 11½ hours, total elapsed

His wife Jeane broke down and

But by the time her husband

CHILDREN IN SUNLIGHT AT COLLEGE EVENTS

(Photo by Jack Rinehart, Globe Staff)

REGIS COLLEGE ALUMNAE AND CHILDREN at annual reunion yesterday include Mrs. Edward McCarthy and Mary Lee, Auburndale; Mrs. John Birmingham Jr., Judy and Orin, Waban; Mrs. John Denning and James, Cambridge, and Mrs. Herbert Waite and Mary Virginia, Wakefield.

LUNCH IN NEW YORK—Week-end warrior eats beside his plane at Mitchel Field after record-breaking first hall of the trip.

NURSE GRADUATES at Simmons College yesterday included Mrs. Alan Sherburne of Tyngsboro and Mrs. Elton McGray of Peabody. Present at the ceremonies were Pamela Sherburne, 13 months old, and William McGray, 14 months.

HOME FOR SUPPER—Family is reunited at San Fernando Valley airport as round trip is completed.

Afoot in Middlesex—XIII—Nothing Could Match These $20,000 Coffins

By WILLARD de LUE

(Second of four articles on the famous Hiller family.)

WILMINGTON—On page one of the Globe of Thursday morning, Nov. 1, 1866, the approaching funeral of "Wilmington's most prominent citizen," Dr. Henry Hiller, was announced in these headlines:

Ready for His Casket
In a $20,000 Box Dr. Hiller Will Be Buried
Wonderfully Carved, It Is the Finest Coffin Ever Made

Scarcely two weeks before that someone had spoken to the doctor about the rare burial cases that were being carved in the family cranberry-house, not far from the Hiller home that still stands in Main st.

"How's work on the coffins progressing?"

"O, all right. Mine will be ready when I want it."

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The answer to the question, spoken half jestingly, was more than half serious. "Dr. Hiller is dreadful," wrote a Globe reporter of that day, "and feels one to wonder whether a suicide premonition prompted his words."

Dr. Hiller died on the 8th, on the eve of a national election-day, and was buried on the 11th, interred in the funereal days of a doubtful contest.

But now Cleveland had surely been elected, and Dr. Hiller's funeral services had been elected—and attention could be turned to Dr. Hiller and the fabulous coffins that all Wilmington had been talking about for two years.

Hiller and his wife, Dr. Francis B. Hiller had been residents of Town for about 15 years. They were reserved, but well liked; both had been active in furthering the interests of Wilmington. He had been busy in the lucrative real-estate business in Boston, and Mrs. Hiller was also active in a cranberry business that she had established on a bog back of their house.

Back there, in part of the cranberry-house, the coffins were being carried. They were Mrs. Hiller's idea, and there was all sorts of gossip about them . . . so there has been ever since.

Mrs Hiller talked freely about "your aunt" she explained, "I didn't want that we were to have children to perpetuate our name and fortune. I came back to the idea of burial with renewed interest. This is something I had thought much of as a young woman.

"We had means ample for anything we might desire . . . I spoke to my husband about being buried in costly caskets and preserved under a lasting mausoleum. . . . Life was mine to use and enjoy and any idea I might have. Life was mine to him than life."

Their life together had been a happy one. Almost as soon as they were married they began to enjoy the comforts of their laboriously furnished home near the railroad station. Dr. Hiller liked music and played a woodwind instrument. Mrs. Hiller played the piano.

She was a composer of music and also wrote poetry, some of it sorts. Some of her lines were to be found on the engraved plates of the caskets.

There would be some like them anywhere—nothing richer or handsomer—but they would be the world's finest examples of their materials. The total $1500 on redwood plates, she said, "and these three odds as useless. Then I paid $1200 for wood from cedars of Lebanon, only to discard them. Teak and red cedar also were rejected.

Finally massive boards of Honduran mahogany were set upon. There were to be double coffins, or more exactly an inner and outer, the outer covering or rectangular for each—four in all. And all were to be gems of the woodworkers' art. The basic work was done by the undertak-

ing supply firm of William L. Lockhard & Co. in Cambridge.

The ornamental work—he liked the Victorian touch, and was to have a false bottom of perforated brass, below which camphor was to be placed. On the false bottom was to be draping and silken mattress.

The massive cases—even the outer ones were of two-inch planks—were brought to the cranberry house, and in April, 1866, a Cambridge woodcarver named J. W. Macgregor began work on them.

Only one of the inner caskets had been completed when Dr. Henry Hiller died two and a half years later. A great part of that time had been devoted to the lid-carving alone.

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Mrs. Hiller permitted a Globe representative to see it. His description of the carvings would fill almost this whole column. They were carved in relief, incised and colored to behold. Starred would be a better word; for under Mrs. Hiller's inspiration the beautiful was mingled with the grotesque, and the loveliness of nature linked with the macabre.

"Two vines creeping up from the foot of the lid meet about a human skull. . . . Out of the skull's left eye-socket a beautiful flower grows, and about a most ghastly appearance. A caterpillar crawls along the rim around the emblems of death, but round about are daisies and roses and a bird's nest. On the bottom of the vine is a bird."

There's just an introduction to the Globe writer's detailed account of the carvings. They were executed by any modern work, which considered. "Dragons dragons everywhere. They glut all, and glare at you with their hideous eyes . . . symbols of the evil forces of nature."

DR HENRY HILLER

A brass plate on the lid was especially commented upon. Here again Mrs. Hiller had employed the best artisan she could command—a certain A. Fellows, professional engraver for the firm of T. F. McGann, Portland st., Boston.

The plate "is engraved representing the river of death and the angel of death leading a fair maiden down through vines and flowers to the river's edge, where the fortunes are not at past sinking from sight."

The lower reverse of the plate bore Mrs. Hiller's lines.

**Yes, our days on earth are short,
But as built on life's beauteous plan.
Four set, love, but take thy quiet rest.
Close to my side there are not three.**

**True, our happy days on earth are done;
Dread not the cup nor its bitter taste.
But drink it in the very drops**

For we shall meet in heaven at last.

Symbols of Christian joy and hope were nowhere to be found, the writer noted, but he explained that the lines were written as the coffins were contemplated. But Dr. Hiller would have to wait a long time to get that, as we shall see.

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Few persons had been privileged to see the two coffins installed under asphalt in the cranberry-house. But now there could be a chance to get a look at it.

Dr. Hiller's funeral was set for Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11—the delay due to elaborate funeral preparations, including the ruched construction of a tomb in Wildwood.

Services would be at the house. Dr. Hiller was revered as religious affiliation, but had contributed to all in the village. Floral tributes included one from the Catholic congregation of the town, a "broken column" and a handsome floral offering representing the "Gates Ajar" and a beautiful wreath and cross from the Methodist society.

It was announced that after the services the public would be admitted to the house.

After that the casket would be borne to Wildwood on a caisson that was being built in Boston by Mrs. Hiller's specifications.

Edwin Nichols, Wilmington undertaker, and afterwards that the funeral of the 2-vear process the cost exactly $100.

Sunday morning rain, and with it came the first of a season of sentiment. Sending over the quiet little village, to make the day one that townfolk remembered as long as they lived.

NEXT—Two funerals, and the end of the Hiller story.

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